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**More fun than
should be allowed
for:**

\$1⁰⁰

СТУДИНЦЬ

Vol. 1 No. 10

"HEADCHEESE - IT ISN'T JUST FOR BREAKFAST ANYMORE!"

May 1993



YELTSIN BAGS ANOTHER BOAR - When Brian Mulroney travelled to visit Russia on his farewell tour, Canadian papers carried a touching pic in which the grinning leaders stood with guns slung over soldier and two dead boars at their feet. Kravchuk obviously hasn't graduated to that level yet. *Photo by Ukrinform.*

UKRAINE - US RELATIONS

The politics of power

Studinorm - Last September, Chairman of the Ukrainian Parliament, Ivan Plyusch, visited Washington. According to the Wall Street Journal, a National Security Council officer lectured him saying "You have to have economic reform, you have to give up your nuclear weapons or else U.S.-Ukrainian relations will be endangered." After a pause, Mr. Plyusch retorted, "What relations?"

Since then, relations between Ukraine and the United States have steadfastly declined. The United States is seeking to maintain the unipolar advantage it achieved following the end of the Cold War. In simple terms this is

being accomplished by force and diplomatic pressure from the Clinton administration. After meeting with Ukrainian Foreign Minister Anatoly Zlenko, President Clinton stated "I think this Start treaty is a precondition to a longterm successful relationship and I think they should...give up nuclear weapons." Following the meeting held with Foreign Minister Zlenko, President Clinton diplomatically slapped Ukraine in the face by refusing to meet with Ukrainian Prime Minister Leonid Kuchma. Although the Clinton Administration maintains that they want to establish

(CONT'D ON PAGE TWELVE)

JOURNALISTS REVIEW UKRAINE COVERAGE

CAJ CONFERENCE OFFERS NEW PERSPECTIVE

Studinorm - Canadian journalists have agreed that coverage of the former Soviet Union has been unjustly Russo-centric.

"We're not doing a good enough job, as Canadians, reporting on Ukraine," Sue Simpson, former CBC Radio Moscow correspondent, told a Canadian Association of Journalists session addressing the question of whether the media has been fairly describing "the New Russia."

Graham Harris, a freelance journalist from Toronto, got up during the second part of the session and asked why Canada's reporting of events in the former Soviet Union, once the biggest country in the world, ignored countries like Ukraine. "There are over a million Ukrainians in Canada. It's not a question of bias, it's just that these people are wondering what is happening in their old country," Harris said. He remarked that there are far more Ukrainians than Russians in Canada.

Michael McIvor, also a former CBC Radio Moscow correspondent, said that "Ukraine

doesn't get its just desserts."

Christopher Young, former Southam News Moscow correspondent also mentioned Ukraine, when he described Gorbachev's inaction vis-a-vis former CPSU leader Volodymyr Shcherbytsky as "a non-reform move."

The discussion on Ukraine emerged spontaneously, and was not egged on by the any of the journalists of Ukrainian origin who attended the sessions. "I couldn't believe it," said Alexandra Radkewycz of CBC's *Marketplace*, "it was refreshing to see."

The sessions were part of the Canadian Association of Journalists' 15th Annual Convention held in Toronto from May 7 to 9, 1993.

Earlier that week, Victor Malarek, co-host of CBC's *The Fifth Estate*, addressed a group of Ukrainian media people to whom he proposed the idea of a conference which would focus on improving the exchange of information in and out of Ukraine.

...

GOVERNMENT IGNORES INTERNMENT SURVIVOR

Charest denies historical significance of issue

Studinorm - Jean Charest, Canada's Minister of the Environment and PM wannabe, told Ukrainian Canadians that he agrees the analysis that Canada's first national internment operations were "an episode of interest" but that it "is not, in and of itself, of national historic significance."

Between 1914-1920, thousands of Ukrainian Canadians were interned, registered as "enemy aliens," had their valuables and properties confiscated, never to be returned, and experienced censure, disenfranchisement and national humiliation.

Most of the Ukrainian immigrants in Canada at the time came from Western Ukraine, which was under Austro-Hungarian control at the time of the outbreak of the First World War. Since they had Austro-Hungarian passports, and because Canada was at war against Austrian Hungary, the "authorities" at the time reasoned that all these peasant

Between 1914 and 1918, 5,000 Ukrainians were interned in 26 Canadian work camps. Last month, the Prime Minister of Canada refused to meet with the last known survivor of these camps.

Prisoners must obviously be agents for the bad guys. Five thousand Ukrainians were interned, and some 80,000 more had to report to the "authorities" on a regular basis.

Charest's comments came in late February in response to a January 11, 1993 letter written by the Ukrainian Canadian Civil Liberties Association requesting that historical markers be erected by Environment

(CONT'D ON PAGE THREE)

News and Info

Internment Survivor
writes Mulroney

But Brian refused to meet with her

The following is the text of the letter 84 year old Mary (Manko) Haskett wrote to Canadian Prime Minister Brian Mulroney. Mrs. Haskett is believed to be the sole survivor of the internment camps which were run by the Canadian government during WW1. Mrs. Haskett travelled to Ottawa in late March in an attempt to get the Canadian Parliament to publicly acknowledge the injustice. Mulroney, who has twice promised to deal with the internment issue couldn't find the time to meet with her. The letter is dated March 29, 1993.

I was 6 when I was interned, along with my parents, Andrew and Katherine, my brother John, and my sisters Anne and Carolka. She was only two and a half years old when she died at the Spirit Lake internment camp in Quebec.

I may be the last survivor of Canada's first national internment operations. What happened to our family, to many of our friends from Montreal's Ukrainian Canadian community, and to my sister Carolka, can never be undone. It was unwarranted. It was unjust.

But I believe that you, Mr. Prime Minister, have a unique and historic opportunity to show understanding and compassion for those who fell victim. Before you leave office I appeal to you to honour the Ukrainian Canadian community's request for acknowledgement and redress. I do this on behalf of my parents, for those many thousands of others who can no longer speak, for my sister Carolka. Our community, all of us, suffered a national humiliation. Few Canadians, even today, realize how traumatic and damaging those internment operations were. My own children did not believe me when I told them I had been interned in Canada. Spirit Lake is no longer shown in any atlas. Canadian history books do not mention how thousands of Ukrainians were interned, disenfranchised and otherwise mistreated in this country between 1914-1920. Until recently, I did not even know where Carolka was buried.

I believe you can appreciate how important it is for me to have this injustice dealt with in my lifetime. I hope you will take my appeal to heart and do what is right and just.

Signed, Sincerely, Mary (Manko) Haskett.

“
...Carolka was only two
and a half when she
died...
”

CZECH UKES SAY
PAPER IS UNRELIABLE
"Rude Kravo" included
"honest Ukrainians" in lists

Strictly with the intention of getting to the bottom of Magosci's issue, we're printing a translation of the following letter sent by the Prague-based S.U.C.R., an umbrella organization for Ukrainians in Czechoslovakia. The letter is addressed "to all Ukrainian organizations and communities" and purports to shed light on the nature of the lists of StB agents published in Rude Kravo last summer. It was signed by Roman Kaminsky, Lydia Racyclynetz and Bohdan Zilynsky and has a really nice stamp on it with a tryzub in the middle. It is dated July 23, 1992. It is among the various documents Dr. Magosci has passed on to us. (Please also see the interview on page three.) The translation is that of one of our editors.

Insofar as the editors of Rude Kravo belong to the small ultra-rightist representation of Czechoslovakian political life, and insofar as it is not known how these people got their hands on those top-secret diskettes from the Ministry of the Interior of the CSFR, and insofar as the editors of the above-mentioned newspaper do not represent anyone, and insofar as there has not been one credible political institution that has verified the existence of such lists, the SUCR expresses doubts concerning the truth of this matter.

We maintain that those who work with this paper are an extension of the long arm of former professional StB members, who persecuted Ukrainians during the harsh times under a totalitarian system.

Included in the lists are the names of many honest Ukrainians, renowned throughout the world of Ukrainian academia, translators, community leaders, and people who fought for the Ukrainian cause. It appears that the lists include the names of those who were called in for questioning, who suffered persecution, alongside the names of those who actually served the communist-bolshevik system.

It appears that a specific mix of people has been concocted in order to further compromise honest people in democratic circumstances.

We ask all ye who read to understand that the long hand of the StB and KGB are trying in various forms to undermine democratic gains won by Czechoslovakia after the Revolution of Velvet in November 1989.

We underline the fact that the lists serves to discredit Czechs, Slovaks and the rest of the peoples which live on the territory of the CSFR.

In the same spirit used to express this communique, President Havel addressed the issue on his radio show.

In a related development, Dr. Magosci and his wife were seen attending Easter Mass at St. Belwoods on Nicholas St.

NEWS SHORTS

• Rukh President Vyacheslav Chornovil and Vitaliy Zhuravsky of Ukraine's Christian Democrat Party wrote letters to Canadian PM Brian Mulroney earlier this month, urging him to deal with the internment issue.

• The Canadian Friends of Rukh recently elected a new President. Victor Pedenko from Toronto took over the reigns from Erast Huculak. During the organization's annual meeting the Toronto chapter walked out of the proceedings twice. The organization changed their name to Канадське Товариство Розбудови України, although the Toronto chapter has kept their organization's Rukh orientation.

• Things have quietened down in Eastern Canada's Ukrainian Catholic Eparchy. The appointment of Rev. Danylak to the post of Apostolic Administrator required that he become a bishop first. A bishop must have land over which to bish over. Rev. Danylak thus became the Bishop of Nyssa in Turkey. Although that may be kosher in the Vatican's eyes, the Ontario government considers the Bishop of Toronto, not some town in Turkey, to be the Prez of this large non-profit organization. Both sides have enlisted the services of lawyers to settle the smooth transition of power.

• On March 21, Bishop Borecky ordained a man who has been curiously referred to as "George the chauffeur". The Knight of Columbus is accused of not having any formal theological instruction, though a friend of his told *Studenetz* that he had studied with one Rev. Bilaniuk (who has many letters after his name).

• Speaking of Rev. Bilaniuk, his son Mykola from Ottawa left computer geeks and cyber-warriors some interesting tidbits of information on a computer network. Those with modem will have read that allegations were made and an investigation was carried out concerning whether or not a certain priest was a Satanist.

• The Kyiv governmental administration threw its support in late April to the Uniate quest of having their own Patriarchal holy house in Kyiv.

• Ukraine's embassy in the United States recently sent out a communique regarding the status of those people who left Ukraine before the Proclamation of Independence on August 24, 1992 and before the acceptance of "The Law of Ukrainian citizenship" in November of that year. The communique states that Ukraine doesn't recognize dual citizenship. Those who can prove that at least one of their parents or grandparents was born on the territory of Ukraine, can also apply for Ukrainian citizenship, providing that they (the applicants) lived in Ukraine for at least five years and their Ukraine-born relative is not a citizen of any other country.

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INDEPENDENT TRAVEL PROFESSIONALS

THE PROFESSOR STRIKES BACK

NOT TO BE PUBLISHED IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT THE EXPRESS WRITTEN PERMISSION OF O. MUSYNKA OR P.R. MAGOSCI.

The following excerpts are taken from an interview conducted with Paul Robert Magosci by one Oles Musynka, whom Magosci identifies as "my colleague". It was delivered to Studenetz by a USC President who asked to remain nameless. Our attention was to be drawn to questions five and nine. And so it was.

#5. It is a generally known fact that your name has appeared on a list of agents of the Czechoslovak State security service (StB) which was published in the 'independent newspaper' Rude kravo. How do you explain the fact of the appearance of your name on this list?

I remember when I first learned of this so-called 'generally known fact.' Last July, as I was about to leave Presov for home, I was standing in front of the Alexander Duchynoye Theater chatting with my colleague, Mykola Musynka. In passing, he mentioned that his name was only on the Rude kravo list twice, while my name was there three times. Our reaction to this 'news' was exactly the same. We both burst out laughing. When I returned to Toronto and I told some of my colleagues, their reaction was the same - uncontrolled laughter at what was little more than a joke. After all, it was just another addition to a list of silly accusations made against me over the years.

For instance, throughout all the years I visited Czechoslovakia before 1989, I was frequently described in your country in whispers as being a CIA agent. Then, in 1985, after I worked as a scholarly consultant for the Secretariat for promoting Christian Unity in Rome, I was described by some disgruntled Ukrainian Americans as 'an agent of the Vatican' and 'tool of the Jesuits.' And who knows what will happen a month from now after I return from a proposed trip to Yugoslavia as part of a delegation of Canadian journalists, scholars and civic activists? I would not be surprised if I were described by some unhappy writer or rumor-monger as an agent of the Serbian secret police, or whatever they are called. CIA, FBI, CSIS, KGB, StB - it's all a joke.

But as to your question as to how I might "explain the fact of the appearance of my name on the list" of the Czechoslovak Security Services, the answer is quite simple. Everyone knows how security services in the former Soviet Union and its former satellite countries routinely kept files on frequent visitors to their countries from the 'wicked capitalist West.' What else could one expect of the Czechoslovak security services regarding someone like myself who had been at least once every year since 1964 in Czechoslovakia, including during the Soviet invasion in August 1968, its first anniversary in Prague in August 1969, and throughout the so-called 'consolidation period' begun

under Husak in 1970, when I was a visiting scholar at the Czechoslovak Academy of Sciences. Throughout all this period, there was always someone sitting in the libraries and archives where I worked, whether in Prague, Bratislava, or Presov, who was ostensibly there to keep an eye on 'the American.'

After I married someone from the Presov Region in 1971 and we began to visit my wife's family each summer in Vysna Jablonka, the Czechoslovak security services became more aggressive. Within three days of my first return visit to Vysna Jablonka in 1972, four security agents in two 603 black limousines arrived unannounced at my in-laws' house and asked me to come with them. I am sure you know what impact such a crude scenario had on my wife's family and the local villagers. They interrogated me for about two hours - often about banal personal biographical matters - and then let me go. They repeated the interrogations once each year until 1979 whenever I visited my wife's family. Their technique was the following. Whenever I arrived in the country, they would not register my visitor's visa until I came back another day for 'a talk.' After the very first instance of interrogation in 1972, I reported the matter to the appropriate United States governmental authorities when I returned home in order to ensure my safety. I did the same with the Canadian governmental authorities when I moved here in 1980.

Harassment from the Communists did not end with interrogations. In 1971, the Slovak border guards in Bratislava confiscated all our wedding pictures taken in Vysna Jablonka, because they were intent on finding some kind of film. Then, in 1973, when crossing the border after a visit to Uzhotod, the Soviet border guards confiscated two rolls of microfilm I had made several years before at the Slavonic Library in Prague - actually the interwar journal Podkarpatska Rus' and some publications of Avhustyn Volosyn. For this 'transgression,' I, my wife and young one-year-old child were arrested and held for three days in Cop.

By the 1980s, the Czechoslovak security services had ended their interrogations, perhaps because by then they had 'tamed me over' to the Soviets. Thus, each time I visited Transcarpathia or other parts of Ukraine during the 1980's, some KGB agent accompanied me on the trains or showed up at my hotel room for a 'chat' that could last up to an hour. These meetings always took place without any previous warning and against my will.

One might ask why I continued to subject

(CONT'D ON PAGE 5D)

NOTICE TO OUR READERS, SUBSCRIBERS, AND DE-TRACTORS.

Studenetz is celebrating its first birthday with this issue. We feel that we have learnt a tremendous amount of things over the course of this year. We also hope that our readers have seen an improvement in reporting, layout and content over the course of this year. Though we had hoped that we would be able to go to print twelve times a year, the past year's experiences have shown us that publishing the paper nine times a year is more of an achievable expectation. Fret not subscribers, for your \$12 or \$15 dollar subscription is good for twelve issues. Those who have been with us from the very beginning, please note that you may want to renew your subscription by November of 1993.

If you want to get involved in the further development of this paper, call Stefko at 763-2935. Those of you who are considering advertising in the paper, please note that we offer limited free advertising space to any non-profit organizations. For businesses who want to reach out to the next generation of young Ukrainian Canadians and Americans, please call Stefko at (416) 763-2935 for advertising rates which are the lowest prices that we know.

"UKRAINIAN" BEER?

This is what the label on that great new beer "Ruski" looks like. Although it is brewed in Kyiv, it's being marketed as Russian beer and is considered to be a product of the C.I.S. See page four for a letter from a reader regarding the first "Ukrainian beer" being sold in Ontario.

PRODUCT OF C.I.S.
PRODUCT OF C.S.I.

RUSKI

IMPORTED RUSSIAN BEER BIÈRE RUSSE IMPORTÉE

500 ML X 20 BOTTLES
K% ALC/VOL

PRODUCED & BOTTLED BY
OBOKEN BREWERY, KYIV, UKRAINE

INTERNET IGNORED

(CONT'D FROM PAGE ONE)

Canada's Parks Service at all 26 internment camp sites. The UCCLA also requested the development of an "interpretive centre" at the Castle Mountain camp site in Banff, Alberta. The campaign to seek redress has been carrying on since 1986. A formal submission was presented to Canada in October 1988.

On March 29 this year a delegation travelled to Ottawa to brief various MPs about the acknowledgement and redress campaign. The delegation included 84 year-old Mary (Manko) Haskett, who is believed to be the last known survivor of the internment operations. She and her family were taken from Montreal during the First World War and interned at the Spirit Lake, Quebec site. (The text of her letter to the Prime Minister is on page two)

Prime Minister Mulroney and Multiculturalism boss Gerry Wiener refused to meet with Haskett. Mulroney has

promised twice. In Edmonton 1990 and Winnipeg 1992, that acknowledgement is coming "soon."

Patrick Boyer, who is also running in the race for the leadership of Canada's Progressive Conservative Party, told a gathering of his Ukrainian supporters that "I want that story told." "They also paid the price to build the country," Boyer said.

UCCLA's Redress Council is also calling for symbolic redress to the community and for changes to The Emergencies Act (1988) "ensuring that no other Canadian ethnic, religious or racial minority ever suffers."

The precedent for redress was set when Japanese Canadians got a redress settlement in September, 1988 for injustices committed upon their community during the Second World War. The Chinese and Italian Canadian communities are also looking for reparations from Canada's federal government.

...

В ПЕКАРНІ:

хліб
торти
калачі
сирники
маківники
медівники
і багато інших
пекарських
виробів за
старими
українськими
рецептами



В РЕСТОРАНАХ:

борщ
млинці
голубці
м'ясо
вареники
налісники
салати
напої
а також зустрічі з
новими і старими
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Editorial Page

So there I was, sitting at the 15th Convention of the Canadian Association of Journalists, shmoozing, looking to make a connection, because I have realized that *Studentz* won't exactly bring home the bacon. I attended two sessions which addressed the media's coverage of the former Soviet Union.

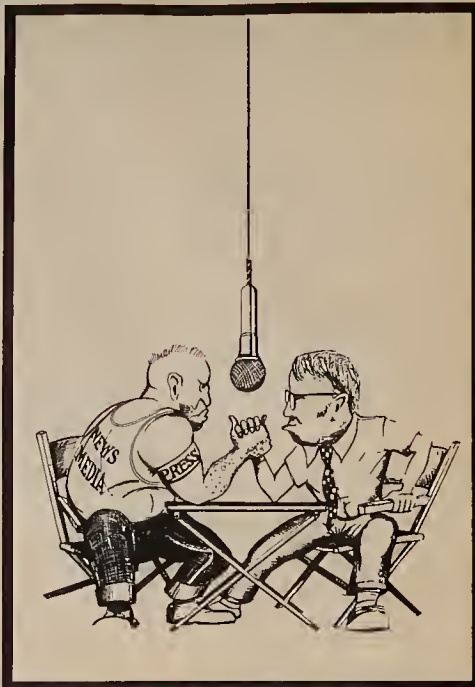
The night before, I had the pleasure of hearing Ed (not Ted) Turner of CNN tell Canadian journalists how great CNN is, how half the world's population will either work for CNN or McDonalds by the year 2000, and how CNN saved the world when they gave Bush air-time at a half hour's notice. Yeltsin had just told Bush that if the latter doesn't swing a few dineros Russia's way, then democracy will fail in Russia.

The next day, I was expecting to hear more of the same. To the surprise of the few Ukrainians that sat in on the session, the subject of news coverage from Ukraine was brought up by non-Ukrainian journalists themselves. And here I thought that if I dare mention Ukraine, I would be written off as a screaming nationalist who had nothing better to do with his time than go around, and like some SIG-type, PR thingy, make sure that the discussion would be sidetracked on some petty detail of my cause. Well, 52 million Ukrainians do not represent a fringe group, nor do a million Canadians of Ukrainian background. A freelancer from Toronto told the session that it makes business sense to increase coverage on Ukraine, because more people in Canada give two hoots about what goes on there – not because of ivory tower ventures and scholarly pursuits, but because they have family who are either living or dying there. The consensus was that "Yeah, Ukraine has been getting a bum-rap."

Once the Western media and government get over what one panelist called Yeltsin's "tank image", and realize that Russia could very easily become a dictatorship built on Western money (as another panelist observed), then we can expect better coverage. We have to become more demanding of them, and not remain happy consuming our very insular and limited media capabilities.

One correspondent in Moscow can not ever hope to cover what was once the largest country in the world to any satisfactory degree. Need stringers in Kyiv? Or are you content in romantically portraying Yeltsin as the czar-democrat? Hey, I bet I could name a few young Ukies from the West who don't have full-time jobs right now.

Well, everyone's doing it, so we thought we would also jump in to the current state of Canadian politics by discussing the marijuana issue. All we can say, is that if we were to write on this page that we smoked marijuana, several policemen would soon appear at our doors with some friendly advice. But in Canada, it seems all it takes is a microphone and membership in a political party to be able to flaunt the laws of this country and the Bill of Rights that is a part of the constitution. A constitution, we believe, which applies equally to all citizens of Canada. If we have to be arrested for smoking marijuana, then so do Kim Campbell and Jean Charest. And if they are not accountable to The Law... then, "Etc."



Letters to the editors

Dear Chaos-infested Mutants,

How can you reveal your deepest and darkest production secrets to the public like that? At least you guys didn't reveal the frequent layovers on planet Rosebush, where you bury your heads in the grass.

By the way, I can tolerate all sorts of misspellings, but misspelling *Ukrainian* on a cover story is more than even I can stomach. Why don't you guys get a real spellchecker? Computer spellchecking is a good way to get the bulk done, but you still need a human being to cross the Tee's and dot and/or remove the Aye's!

Hooray for the hapless Senators! Us Americans have taken your best players, so none were left for Ottawa. Maybe Steflo B. and Yuri Shust could play for the new Anaheim team – the Mighty Clucks! Just kidding of course, I've never seen you Trantorians play.

Cetebus & Jaka, Neues York, The land of cooler stamps.

Dear Editor,

Just in case Ukrainians thought that independence would finally Ukrainianize the country's export products – look again! A few months ago, "The Ukrainian Weekly" carried a small announcement informing that a new beer named "Ruski" will now be sold to the world. Most interested and curious readers must have had their joy tempered with a wariness that "yes", it is good we finally have a Ukrainian-brewed product, but "no", the name just doesn't look right. And sound or look right it definitely doesn't.

Upon visiting my local government-controlled liquor store in Toronto, "Ruski" beer was on display as a test or sample product. On closet scrutiny, one is shocked to see on the label that the beer is a "Product of C.I.S.", that it is produced and bottled by "OBOKEN BREWERY", and with strong lettering that it is an "IMPORTED RUSSIAN BEER". On the packing boxes (just in case you somehow missed the label), the boldly printed word "RUSKI" is followed by a two and one-quarter inch Soviet red star, underlined again for food measure, by bold three-quarter inch lettering "IMPORTED RUSSIAN BEER," and beneath that, almost as a bothersome afterthought are include the words "Produced and Bottled by Oboken Brewery, Kiev, Ukraine."

At about the same time as the above-mentioned "Weekly's" Ruski beer announcement, a Ukrainian program on Toronto television carried a curious short segment concerning a Ukrainian/Polish joint venture which will finally export a "truly Ukrainian Beer" for the world's consumption and enjoyment. I am assuming (due to the absence of any other Ukrainian beers in the market) this is indeed the one and the same beer and investor(s) concerned herein.

Clearly all Ukrainians were deceived, fooled and insulted by Oboken's anti-Ukrainian ownership, investorship and management. It is now time, in dealing with post-independence Ukraine, to readjust ourselves to the new situation, even though many of the "businessmen" are the same old communist guard-mafia, squirreling stolen state money in western bank accounts and start legal-looking businesses.

Ukrainians, in and outside of Ukraine, have to map out an effective boycott strategy to prevent any further anti-Ukrainian export products.

Let us learn from this first Ukrainian-denying propaganda device, crudely disguised as a simple export product, so that we can be better prepared for the next one, that surely will soon follow. Last, but not least, there has to be aggressive non-stop pressure on Leonid Kravchuk, for Ukrainian-content labelling laws for all future export consumer products.

Rober Hanulak, Etobicoke.

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Республика Окраянская

Деякі старші націоналісти за кожною твердять, що перша точка Декалогу Націоналістів, «Здобудеш Українську Державу або згинеш у боротьбі за Неї», вже сповнена, і приступили до організування ще одної дрібної націоналістичної партії в Україні, щоб брати участь у виборах. Всі краєві націоналістичні організації і партії повторюють так звану «Веймарську аналогію», тобто, що ця держава «Україна» є слабкою демократією, яка в наслідку хаосу буда на грані дезінтеграції, коли мала група націоналістів під проводом харизматичного лідера зможе захопити владу. В обидвох випадках націоналісти приймають тезу, що українська держава існує, що національна визвольна боротьба закінчилася і тільки треба увійти в структуру влади або змінити владу і все буде впорядку. Коли ближче подивитися на цю тезу виразно можна бачити її помилковість.

Аналогія між республікою «Україна» (офіційна назва цієї держави) і Веймарською Німеччиною є помилковою. Ера Веймарської республіки це хаотичний, ганебний етап в довгій історії німецької державності. Німецький Райх існував від 1870-го року. Перед тим існували на території Німеччини кілька стабільних держави протягом кількох сот літ. Німці можуть показати нерозривний ланцюжок різних держав і князівств аж до Святої Римської імперії. В тих державах німецький народ не був поневоленним, він вільно розвивав власну культуру, економіку і національний характер. Веймарська конституція була накинута на німецьку націю в наслідку війни і проіснувала аж до падіння над нацистами в 1945-му році.

Українці, на жаль, не мають такої догви нерозривної державної історії. Також, українська культура, економіка і національний характер були поактивно знищені. Республіка «Україна» не була накинута на нас в наслідку війни, а можна вважати її як перехідний етап від окупаційної влади до національної держави. Одинокий фактор, який є подібним до Веймарської республіки це гіперінфляція, яка зараз творить політичну нестабільність.

Щодо сповнення першої точки Декалогу Націоналістів. Треба розуміти декалог як цілість, як розуміється Десять Заповідей Божих. Не можна вибирати одну або другу точку і забути про всіх решта. Ми мусимо застосуватися чи всі точки є сповнені? В першу чергу преамбула: «Я, Дух Одвічної Стихії, Поставив Тебе на Грані Двох Світів Творити Нове Життя». Во мають погоджуватися з тим, що на Україні ще далі існує старе советське життя і покищо нема нового життя. Також, в декалозі вживається прикметник «Українську» перед словом «Державу». Цебто, державу, яку націоналісти мають обов'язок здобути є по суті національна або найвища організована, соціальна, економічна і політична структура корінного народу, де переважає українська мова, культура, спосіб життя, вартості і захоплює всі етнорасові території. Коли читається постанови Великих Зборів ОУН і писання різних націоналістичних мислителів, розуміється, що Українська Держава має бути військово

сильною, де панує економічний добробут і має існувати соціальна справедливість. «Республіка Україна» не відзеркалює тяжке пережиття і потреби українського народу, а в дійсності відзеркалює російську концепцію України як «окраїна». Тобто, граничні території Росії, де факто є її провінцією. Між іншим, західні держави так уважають «Республіку Україну» і тому її серйозно не тракують. Скорше це є республіка «Окраїна», а не модерна Українська Держава. В ці «Окраїні» домінує російська культура, мова і світогляд. Все українське є другорядне. Щоби перекоонатися, треба порівняти українське телебачення з російським. Російське більш цікаве і стоїть на вищому фаховому рівні. Через це більшість населення дивиться на російське телебачення і тим є під сильним московським культурним впливом. Можна навести сотні подібних прикладів. Найкращий доказ знаходимо в виступах самих представників і в документах «Української Республіки» – це вислів «Народи України» і факт, що всі документи уряду видаються в двох мовах. На соціально-економічній площині існує справжня катастрофа. Нема ніякої соціальної справедливості. Люди які були бідні – залишилися бідними. Нинішні «капіталісти» є вчорашні партійні секретарі, які визискували і нині далі визискують народ. Економіка України залишилася близько зв'язана з економікою Росії. Майже всі банки на Україні є філії Російських банків. Найбільший банк на Україні, Інко-банк, є російським. Ці банки контролюють найменше половину інвестицій в Україні. Уряд створив дуже вигідну ситуацію для іноземних бізнесменів. Ці умовини на стільки вигідні, що держава може скоро стати жертвою нео-колоніалізму. Незабаром Україна знайде себе в тому самому «жорбелі» в якому сидять держави третього світу.

Щоби націоналісти були ефективними і не втратили цю золоту нагоду здобути українську державу, вони мусять позбутися вище поданих мильних уявлень. Це не значить, що не можна вживати можливості, які тепер існують в «Українській Республіці». Треба вживати нагоду, щоби піднести з грубу українську націю яка є мертвою і здобути любими способами Українську Державу. Треба пам'ятати, що «Республіка Україна» є тільки перехідний етап і що Україні потрібно завершити політичну, соціальну, духову і економічну революцію. Українські націоналісти мусять зорганізувати суспільну базу за собою, яка буде готова (так як афро-американський націоналіст Малхольм Експоворив) через кулю або бальотування виявити свою волю. Вони також мусять мати конкретну соціальну-економічну програму, щоби піднести рівень життя. Якщо власне це націоналісти не зробить окрім чогось «Республіка Україна» стане де юре провінцією традиційної російської імперії. Українська Держава, за яку гинуть націоналісти, буде швидко існувати коли не буде зарплати і пенсії, коли буде погана стабільність, економічний добробут, буде ганувати український дух серед населення і всі етнорасові території будуть захоплені в одну, унітарну республіку.

Одна з найважливіших проблем української громади в Канаді є те, що вона не має досить наших імігрантів. Часом люди стрічають проблем в щоденному житті як наприклад шукання фондів для цієї чи тієї організації, намагання збільшити свій вплив, збільшення членства та діяльності різних наших груп. Є така проблема нашої громади це новий вплив імігрантів з України. Для розвитку нашої громади треба будувати підприємства, і для цього треба робити ініціативних осіб. Ці варіанти не знаходяться як головні прикмети українських імігрантів які приїжджають до Канади. Чим більше наших новоприбулих, тим більше наша громада зростає та розбагатіє і відкриваються можливості як раніше не існували – часом навіть не уяві. Якщо ми будемо старатися себе розвивати та рости,

то це також буда на користь Канади. І Канада повинна б нам бути вдячна за те. Українські імігранти є одні з найбільш компетентних та бажаних імігрантів для Канади. Канада повинна мати «відкрито-дверну» політику щодо українських імігрантів, бо це зменшить бюрократичний кошт для держави, та підкорить нагоду новим українським імігрантам приносити користи собі, та з цим і державі. Найкраще було б, щоб імігранти концентрували послужили новим українським імігрантам в одну оклицю чи провінцію, як наприклад в Альберту. Це дасть нам більше сили та нагоду розбудувати нашу громаду. З цим також ми матимемо більшу можливість вибирати своїх кандидатів до парламенту, щоб наш голос був почутий на офіційному політичному рівні.



Headcheese Flavour of the Month!

- "Where's the Beef?" -

KITTEN-ETZ!



The editors wish to express that this graphic in no means represents an endorsement of cruelty to animals. It's just that, well, funny things happen sometimes in life and if you've got a camera, the fun never ends. Send 'm in. 'Cause we just might print it.

If you sense that trouble is on the horizon for a group in which you are actively involved, establish firm, reliable channels of communication, both within the group and outside it (with those in a position of influence). Trustworthy information is the greatest asset during a time of rapid dissolution of a business or community group.

- The Oracle -

MAGOCSI INTERVIEW

(CONT'D FROM PAGE THREE)

choice - not visit Czechoslovakia or the Soviet Union. I continued to visit those countries, however, both for familial reasons (my wife's parents) and my profession as an historian of the region. Visits from the local security services were not uncommon "before the revolution" and simply had to be considered an occupational hazard. Most importantly, the authorities in the United States and Canada knew what was happening and were neither surprised nor concerned.

Lastly, you might ask why I have not responded publicly to the false accusations that have appeared in some of the Ukrainian-language press about my supposed status as a StB or KGB agent. First of all, I reiterate that my first reaction is that this is at a level of a childish joke. Second, people who are inspired by political motives are going to believe what they want - not what is true - about someone they have "created" and designated as "the enemy." Third, the places where such accusations appear - little read Ukrainian language newspapers in East Central Europe and North America - are hardly sources about which one needs to be concerned. Finally, the only serious response on my part would be a legal suit for libel for which there should be appropriate financial compensation for defamation of character. The fact of the matter, however, is that neither the individuals or newspapers making

such accusations are not financially worth suing. Therefore, people can go on believing what they want. It does not effect me one way or the other in the only real world in which I function and which for me counts - the scholarly community of North America.

#9: Do you consider Rusyns a distinct nationality?

Your standard question evokes my standard response, given on numerous occasions and in various forums, including the First World Congress of Rusyns in March 1991. Rusyns comprise an ethnic group with all the necessary "objective" characteristics - distinct speech, historical tradition, territory, customs - to become potentially a distinct nationality. They have not yet fully realized that potential; in particular, there is not yet a sufficient number of people who have a clear sense - the "subjective" will - that they comprise a Rusyn nationality distinct from neighbouring people.

But is such Rusyn nationality theoretically possible? Yes. Has it yet happened? With perhaps the exception of the small group of Rusyns in the Vojvodina, the answer is no. What we are witnessing at the present is a nation-building process whose outcome we still do not know.

Studenetz has asked Prof. Magocsi to give us an interview. Look for it in the future.

When I was in Ukraine during the referendum campaign, I felt my personality changed and became omnipotent. I was driven to free a nation and blend with my environment, to become one heluva Ukrainian. It could be that the availability of alcohol and domestic brews assisted in my delusion. Culture shocked, disoriented, I was never to see Christie Pits from the Ukrainian Cultural centre again.

I felt no pain, no burden of guilt. I was in the driver's seat. To save Ukraine. I could have disappeared or been abducted too. There still exists an artificial famine in Ukraine.

Ukraine was a Disneyland; an infant-asy land; a lie I've been telling often; a lie that has become a half-truth and now a chetished delusion. I still recall an animistic oneness with the "Karpaty".

After a year, I am still recovering from the journey of rapture. My thought process is still animistic and primitive. I accuse others of what actually occurs inside my head. Such magical thinking is intimate and connected with the outside world. I still have trouble making a complete separation from the world, confronting it objectively, growing up and being a mature adult. Sometimes, I drink some wine and experience that "Eternal Yearning" a death-wish for eternal sleep. Relapsing into a primitive habit of thought, acquired as a child and reborn as an adult, in Ukraine, experiencing an artificial famine.

Returning to medical history, Dr. Cameron and Dr. al-Abub were curing race degeneration and mongrelization. Their methods of curing continue today in

continued from last month...

Cradle to Crack

troubled areas like Bosnia or Serbia. Methods of curing the illness were even to eliminate the patient. Just another wartime atrocity.

Dr. Morrow, who assisted Dr. Cameron, woke up after a ritual burning of her cortex, by electric shock treatment, to describe her journey: "Deep dark pitch black hole with no sense of appendages like a worm, there was no sense of solidity, like I was not on ground and I was not on water. It was like being suspended in a cetic black hole."

C.I.A. botanists gather leaves and mushrooms and roots and barks in the Amazon to be pulverized into dust and fed to apes to see if they would be driven mad or kill each other. Thomas writes, "many were and did." This reads like the movie Jacob's Ladder, which gives a more graphic account of American soldiers in Vietnam given - unwittingly - pulverized dust in their food - "many were and did."

Recent history beckons us to see if the Manchurian Candidate has been discovered. Did he show up to attempt assassinating the Pope? Did he/she make an appearance in Dallas, killing Kennedy? Did he find himself in Munich assassinating Bandera?

Weak spots. Reagan, President Ronald Reagan, looked for weak spots. He found one in Anwar Sadat who smoked marijuana to calm his nerves. He found a few in crown Prince Fahd of Saudi Arabia, who was an alcoholic and a womanizer. Reagan supplied both. Remember mind-control. What are Kravchuk's weaknesses?

Zenon Fedory

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"...немає в світі народу, в якого б не було своїх видів фізичних вправ і рухливих ігор, які складають один з елементів культури та побуту." — В.І. Елашвілі

Розглядаючи історичний процес виникнення, становлення та подальшого розвитку фізичної культури українського народу, необхідно зупинитися на цілеспрямованих зусиллях, які застосовували люди різних історичних епох в області фізичної культури на території України.

Сюди слід віднести фізичне виховання дітей, роль фізичної культури у військовій підготовці, гігієнічні та лікувальні рухливі вправи, ігри та традиційні змагання.

Давні літописці і мандрівники розповідають про характерні риси життя і поглядів древніх слов'ян, предків українського народу. В умовах постійних війн з сусідніми племенами найбільше цінувалися фізичні якості людини. Серед важких змагань із природою і боротьби з чужими племенами особливого значення набувала фізична сила, загартованість, спритність, але по перше — це сила духу та психічна готовність до бою майже на смерть. Улюбленими заняттями і розвагами наших предків були лови, де нерідко доводилося йти з списками на ведмеда або здоганяти і ловити диких коней. Молоді силачі величалися своєю прудкістю та силою на народних ірищах.

Візантійський Маврикій з великим захопленням висловлювався про слов'янську витривалість на всяке лихо — спеку, дощ, брак одягу і поживи.

Поруч із силою та витривалістю, справедливий подив у літописців викликали підприємливість, життєва винахідливість у побутових та військових ситуаціях, якими так вигідно відрізнялись наші прашури.

Візантійський історик Прокопій, котрий добре знався на житті слов'ян, дав немало цікавих фактів про особливості військового мистецтва слов'ян, а також їхню систему виховання. "Слов'яни," за словами Прокопія, "ще в основному піще військо. Воїни озброєні списками і щитами, ніколи не одягають панциря, а деякі не мають ні сорочки, ні плаща, лише довгі штани, підкочені аж до кроку, і так вступають в боротьбу з ворогом. Всі вони відрізняються великою відчайдушністю, відвагою, військовою злобою, але ніколи не знущалися над захопленням ворогом."

Предки українського народу жили на шляху, який з'єднував Європу і Азію, Південь і Північ. Саме таке геополітичне розташування спричинилося до вироблення своєрідної системи фізичного виховання, яка виділяла чи не найголовнішу роль у військовій підготовці слов'ян-воїнів. "Слов'яни — люди відважні і войовничі, і якби не було негоди серед їх численних племен, то з їхніми силами не міг би боротися жоден народ у світі" — так зхарактеризував східних слов'ян арабський мандрівник Ібраг'ім ібн Якуб.

Історичне минуле України розповідає нам про багато бить, які прийшлося перенести українському народові. У цій віковичній боротьбі народився безліч

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старовинних військових танців. Танець, таким чином, займав одне із перших місць в системі виховання підрастаючого покоління. Поряд з цим, танці призначалися лікарями як ліки, як ефективним засіб оздоровлення людей.

В побутових танцях відображаються історичні риси українського народу: волелюбність, героїзм, завзяття, винахідливість, дотепність, веселість тощо.

Одним із структурних підрозділів побутових танців є так звані і з зброєю (шаблі, списи, бойові топірці, тощо) в руках. Малюнок танців створювався на основі відшліфованих віками спеціальних технічних рухів, що є наслідком високого рівня розвитку військового мистецтва.

Провідне місце серед бойових танців українців справедливо відводиться Гопаку.

Наприклад, порівнюючи багатство рухів китайської психо-фізичної системи самовдосконалення людини У-Шу з Гопаком, І. Лебедєв доходить до висновку, що для того, щоб виконати Гопак, потрібно

"...багато ще чого, що виходить за рамки китайської гімнастики."

Відмінною рисою найпопулярнішого танцю українців являється те, що його основу складають важкі, з точки зору виконання, дії, а саме — стрибки: "шупак", "яструб", "розтяжки в повітрі", тощо. Саме такі координаційно-складні елементи відсутні і в японському Карате і в інших національних видах боротьби.

Гопак, який дійшов до нас, звичайно не вся цілісна система психофізичної підготовки українців, а лише код її фізичної частини.

Головними засадами прикладної системи Гопака є оволодіння техніко-тактичним арсеналом паралельно з цілеспрямованим психофізичним розвитком особистостей.

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(Читайте продовження в майбутньому числі. Ця стаття була підготована членами клубу Карате при О. СУМ в Торонто. Клуб трінується у вівторок і четвер о 6-й год. в спортивній залі при 83 Крісті. За дальшими інформаціями дзвоніть на число телефону (416) 533-9014.

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The Arts page will
 return next issue
 featuring Toronto artist
 Markian Maiba

A FAMILY REUNION

PART TWO

I thought about what Pidpilnyk meant by 'Time is running out' before our meeting that night. I understood that these guys were in a hurry, but from the dates read off at the general meeting, it seemed obvious that this group had all the time in the world. And if they didn't, with the power they had they could make their own time. There had to be something more to Pidpilnyk's plea about time. Although he was a Wise Man in the organization, he didn't seem to be willing to follow the herd. I guess I would find out tonight. Until then, all I could do was speculate.

After a quick shower and shave, I headed toward the bar. Everything was set up by the Elders and no one was to spend a dime, lyre, or kupon. I found this arrangement quite compelling and one I had to take full advantage of. It's not often that a guy like me gets an opportunity to relish in a cashless bar.

After a quick knock at the door and a flash of my I.D. card, I was escorted down a flight of stairs to another door. The guy who led me here didn't speak. Judging by the length of his forehead he probably could only utter a few grunts anyway. Nonetheless, he slapped the door open with his paw and directed me down a dimly lit hallway. I had to hunch over a little to prevent my head from scraping the ceiling. I thought that this is probably what the catacombs in Kyiv looked like. With this brute in front of me, I hoped that I wouldn't end up like the monks of the Kyiv catacombs.

Finally I was met by another door. By this time, I was ready to go back to my room and forget the entire endeavor. I liked to drink but not at the expense of my life.

I opened the door and was welcomed by a lovely brunette who asked if I was meeting any particular party. I told her that a seat by the bar was all I needed. She smiled and pointed me in the right direction.

I took my seat at the corner of the bar

where the lighting prevented anyone from seeing my face. I glanced at the stock behind the bar and for the first time in the past two days, I smiled. The place was fully stocked with American and European afflictions that for me became life long addictions. I asked the bar keep for some Wild Turkey and ice. The bartender was kind enough to leave me the bottle. As I gazed into the bottle my thoughts drifted into dreams about family.

Why is it that this organization called their gathering a family reunion? Who were the Elders anyway? Who were the other Wise Men? And what the hell did that "Lenny" guy mean when he said the Star has fallen? What was this damn Illusion? Above all else, what was the Accelerated Schedule and why was Pidpilnyk running out of time? I kept thinking about these things as the Wild Turkey made its way through my already enlarged liver. Nothing that I was privy to made any sense. More so, why was I chosen to attend?

I opened my second pack of Marlboros as my brain tried to make sense of all this secrecy. I slowly spun my seat to glance around the room. I saw many of these faces at the general meeting earlier today. Faces with names I would never know. I wondered what they did for a living. I knew that they were involved in mafia families of different nationalities, but they had to have some other jobs besides this. I spun back to the bar and lit my cigarette disgusted. Everyone here was dealing in illegalities beyond my comprehension. Yet, they were happy about what they were doing. As usual, the Wild Turkey brought out my moral side and I began judging the lackeys and cronies in the room. I was mad and disgusted. What kind of family reunion was this anyway?

Just then, someone tapped my shoulder. I spun my seat to see who was disturbing my moral superhero dream.

(CONT'D ON PAGE TWELVE)



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автор В. Канівець

У постановці п'єси беруть участь молоді творчі сили
 з України, Канади і Польщі.

Книги у книгарнях „Арка“ і у день виступу при касі.

Humour and Satire

You probably thought that Ukrainians are people with no sense of humour. **WRONG!** We decided to start a regular feature that will intend to prove the contrary. Not all of us, it seems, are cabweb-headed, demagogic dogmatists or newspaper editors. Some Ukrainians, as Ribald Russian Classics demonstrates, know how to laugh, even at themselves! Who said editing a newspaper couldn't be fun? And don't let the title of the book fool you. It is a reprint of an original work from 1897, published by Charles Carrington, of a work entitled "The Book of Exposition in the Science of Coition." These folk tales, which you will see appearing in Studenetz over at least this issue's duration, are tales passed on through generations of funny Ukrainians. The translator states that "these stories have circulated freely among the Ukrainians of Southern Russia. Historical ignorance. Not malintent. Laugh. Enjoy."

The Peasant who did his wife's work

It was harvest time; and a peasant and his wife went every day to reap their wheat. Every morning at daybreak, the wife woke up her husband, and went to the field to work, whilst his wife remained home to light the stove, do the cooking, and look after the household affairs; and after that she carried the good man his dinner, and laboured with him in the field till the evening. When night fell, the couple returned home, and the next day it was the same thing over again.

At last, the peasant grew tired of his work. One morning, when his wife woke him as

and when he had put them in the water, returned to the house, saying to himself: "Bah, I will let them soak for a minute. I will come back and spread them out presently, and they will dry."

But the brook was very rapid, and all the shirts were carried away by the current. Having returned to the house, the muzhik put the flour in the trough, and poured the water on it.

"I will let the flour soak."

Then he put the millet into the mortar, and began to pound it, but just then he

returned and found the izba full of pigs, and in a filthy state. He drove them out with some difficulty.

"What is to be done now?" he asked himself. "When my wife comes home, she will be furious! I have made a mess of it and no mistake. Never mind! I will go and fetch the shirts which are soaking in the brook."

He harnessed the mare, and took the cart down to the brook, but though he cast his eyes about in every direction, the linen had disappeared.

"I must look in the brook," he undressed, took off his shirt and trousers, and went into the brook, but his search was useless. Tired out at last, he regained the bank, but he could not find either his shirt or his trousers; someone had taken them. What was to be done?

It was impossible to dress himself and he could not return to the village naked: "I will pull up some tall grass," he said to himself, "and cover up my c.u.; then I will get into the cart and return to the house."

Like that I shall look less indecent."

He pulled up some grass, and made a kind of little apron. The grass looked tempting to the horse, which made a huge bite, and gobbled it up, and did not even spare the muzhik's genital parts. He began to utter horrible cries. However, somehow or other, he got back to the house, and went and sat in a corner.

"Well, have you done all the work?" asked his better half, when she returned.

"Yes, dear wife."

"Then where are the shirts?"

"They were carried away by the brook."

"And the hen and the chickens?"

"A goshawk took them."

"And the dough? And the millet?"

"The pigs ate them."

"And the cream?"

"I spilt it all on the ground."

"And your c.u.; where is that?"

"The mare swallowed it."

"Oh, you son of a dog, a nice mess you have made of it all."

The Peasant and the devil

A peasant had sowed some turnips. When he thought the time had come to pull them up, he went to the field, but they were not above the ground.

"May the devil take you!" the muzhik cried in his wrath, and he returned home.

A month afterwards his wife said to him, "Go, and see if it is time to pull the turnips."

The peasant again went to his field, and this time found it covered with fine turnips; but the moment he began to pull them up a little old man appeared and cried, "Why are you stealing my turnips?"

"What do you mean by your turnips?"

"No doubt they are! Did you not give them to me before they were up? I have taken great care of them and watered them."

"But I sowed them."

"That may be," said the devil.

"You may have sowed them - I do not say you did not, but I watered them. But hold, I will tell you what we will do. We will come here, you and I, each with what equipage we please. If you can guess what I am riding on, the turnips shall be yours; and they shall belong to me if I can guess what you are riding on."

The muzhik agreed to this arrangement.

The next day, he took his wife with him, and when they were near the field, he made her go on all fours, tucked up her petticoats, struck a carrot into her arse, and covered her face under her long hair.

As for the devil, he caught a hare,

mounted on it, and on arriving asked the muzhik: "What did I come here on?"

"What does it eat?" asked the peasant.

"The young shoots of the aspen tree."

"Then it is a hare."

On his side, the devil tried to recognize the animal the peasant was mounted on, and began to walk around it.

"The long hair," he observed, "is, of course, the tail; and here is the head, but it is eating a carrot."

This completely puzzled the devil, and he confessed himself beaten. The peasant pulled up the turnips, and sold them, and from that day began to prosper.



usual to go to the field, he refused to get up, and replied with insults.

"No, you whore! In the future you will have to go and do the harvesting, and I shall stay at home. Whilst I am reaping down there, you are idling about, and you never come to give me a lift, until I have already had a bellyful of work."

His wife remonstrated, but to all her arguments he only replied, "I won't go."

"Today," said she, "is Saturday, and there is a lot to do in the house, the shirts to be washed, the millet to be pounded for the meal, the bread to be baked, the butter to be churned."

"I will do that myself," replied the peasant.

"Very well, do it! I will teach you what work is."

So the woman brought a large bundle of dirty linen, then she fetched for her husband the flour to make the bread, the cream to make the butter, the millet to pound for the meal; then, after having told him to keep an eye on the hen and chickens, she took a sickle, and went off to do the harvesting.

"I will have another nap," the peasant decided, and he rolled himself up in the bedclothes, and slept till dinner-time.

When he woke up at noon, he saw all the work that his wife had prepared for him, and did not know where to begin. Finally he took the shirts, carried them to the brook,

saw the hen roaming around the porch, and the chickens all dispersed in different directions. Very soon he caught them all, and tied them all together with a string around their legs, and this string he fastened to the mother's leg, and after that, he went on pounding the millet.

But an idea struck him that he could also make the butter. He got the jar containing the cream, and fastened it on his buttocks.

"Like that," he thought, "whilst I am pounding the millet, the cream will be shaken up, and the butter will make itself."

While he was carrying out his program, the hen was picking about the yard, dragging the chickens after it; when suddenly a goshawk swooped down, seized it in its talons and carried it off with all the chickens. Hearing the cries of the luckless family, the muzhik ran out of the izba, but in his hurry, the jar was knocked against the door, and broke, and all the cream was spilt on the ground.

Thinking only of helping the hen, the peasant forgot to shut the door of the house, and the pigs went in, knocked over the trough, ate up all the dough, and did the same to the millet.

After having vainly tried to rescue the hen from the claws of the goshawk, the muzhik

VEGETABLE OF THE MONTH



When preparing headcheese this month, use carrots.

Headcheese movie guide

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Movie Reviews

★★★ **THE HUNT FOR BREAD IN OCTOBER**— A nice movie about life in the former Soviet Union. Amusing performance by Sean Connery as the Scot lost in Vladivostok. Tasty, but didn't quite satisfy my appetite. PG

★★ **RAMBO V**— Stallone takes it to the Serbs, Croats and Muslims in Bosnia. Sensitive plot development as Stallone briefly considers seducing a racist Canadian soldier who has his own "ethnic cleansing" agenda. Watch for great shot of Stallone's cheeks when he gets caught with pants down in Sarajevo. R

★ **HRC**— Oliver Stone's docufilm on the life of the First Lady, and how she struggles to raise a family while running the country. John Candy delivers as President Clinton. A 90's type, female JFK for those who are writing tomorrow's history today. A must-see for yups and Democrats. AA

★★★ **LOVE CAMP**— Summer camp was never this good. See the kids celebrate a pagan fertility ritual, while young counsellors see what they can do to ensure that there will be more kids to go camp. Good guy-counsellors have it out with noisy party animals in the parking lot. Bill Murray is a delight as always. PG

★★★ **THE SHINER**— Jack Nicholson

plays a shoe-shiner in a downtown Kiev underpass who discovers a horrible secret in the underground world of shoe-shine. A good crazed performance. Vintage Nicholson.

Plenty of grotesque, psychotic, slash and gore, chop-chop scenes. R

★★ **DANCES WITH WOLKULAKY**— A small village boy is raised by werewolves in an obscure corner of the Carpathian mountains. Goes to Canada and finds himself right at home in PLAST. Touching feeding shots, not enough chop-chop. One for the whole Family. G

★★★ **OLEH IN WONDERLAND**— Politically correct adaptation of Louis Carroll's novel. Young, bumbling male lost in constantly changing socio-political landscape. His best friend ends up being the Energizer Bunny and a blow-up doll of Kim Basinger. A sensitive, caring Matthew Broderick who refuses to follow his male friends into the forest, take off their clothes, and dance around a campfire. S

★★★ **GUNS 'N ROZHI**— A rockumentary that traces the heavy metal band's trek across the steppes. See Axel Rose drink vodka with Leonid K, tell him how to run a country, then throw up all over him. Metal and politics. Great Mix. AA

Based on the true story of a young wife from Ukraine who allows her husband to sleep with a gay American pilot for a loaf of bread.



"Hypnotic and addictive..."

—Oleh Romanyshyn, HOMIN UKRAYINY

"Thumbs up!"

—Olya Szczuryk, KOHTAKT

"...Sexy and provocative, 'Indecent Propellor' is a tough movie to ignore."

—Raissa Galechko, VSESMIKH

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TOM EISENSTEIN AND JOEY DOVZHENKO BASED ON THE NOVEL BY JACK ANGLE HARD
SCREENPLAY BY SERGEANT VESELEY PRODUCED BY COLONEL HOMIK DIRECTED BY A. TOMIK.

69

ETHICALLY
CHALLENGING

Dirty Sheets,

Ugly Seamen

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"THIS IS THE DATE FILM OF THE DECADE!"
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★★★★★

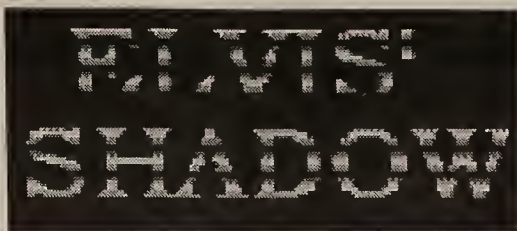
FABULOUS

STRICTLY
HOPAK



Things That Make You Go Hmmm...

Moksha



It wasn't until this morning that I woke up with the realization that I would not be fully clean until I'm *Zestfully* clean.

I cannot tell you with enough emphasis how this distressed me, as I came to terms with my own inadequacy. I thus decided, "Shit, I've had enough!" So now that it was all clear to me, I knew what had to be done. I must become *Zestfully* clean, or else I just wouldn't be fully clean. Imagine, I thought to myself, all those years of my life walking around like a filthy vagrant, rubbing in vain with all sorts of cleansers, lotions, potions, tonics, soaps, deodorants, emulsions and conditioners. But it was all a waste of time, because I'm not fully clean until I'm *Zestfully* clean.

So I choose not to even bother washing after breakfast, since there is no point in going through with the exercise if I cannot be fully clean. But, I cheer myself, I soon would be.

I'm on my way to speak to my Guardian pharmacist, who really makes me feel like *somebody* (for which I will be eternally grateful to him, since before seeing him, I had no idea I was *anybody* at all, let alone *somebody*). And I am deep in thought, considering how I would be able to solve all the things that were going wrong with me and in my life. It had not been a good week, and as you can understand, my outlook for the prospective near future was not very bright.

All of a sudden, it dawns on me. The Answer is so simple, and it had been in front of me

all along. Except, being *nobody*, I wasn't able to figure it out until *somebody* told me where to look.

Want The Answer to all your problems? Get a new muffler. I almost screamed with delight as the man from Speedy descended from heaven, accompanied by a cacophony of angels with this illumination. *Finally*, I ejaculated, *all my life's questions were no longer amorphous nebulae, but one, clearly defined, unified Answer. Get a new muffler, and all your problems are solved.*

I had already forgotten about not being fully clean in light of this epiphany. My goal was now clear: go to Speedy, and all my problems will be solved. Forever. No more problems. That's what my Gabriel told me.

I lean forward and push the pedal to the floor. I face my future like a zealous fanatic (or fanatic zealot). I rush headlong into my destiny, since I would no longer have any obstacles to block my path to Glory.

I arrive at the Gates and am immediately met by one of Gabriel's helpers - an angel in blue. I ask him, I beg him to tell me that all my problems would be solved with a new muffler. He assures me that a new muffler is just the answer to all my problems, just like Gabriel himself had said. My ecstasy was too great to contain. I figure, if one muffler would be the answer to all my troubles, imagine what two, or three, or ten would do for me! I tell him I want it all, because I don't want to have any more problems.

I wait in the waiting area with several fellow Illuminati, basking in the glory of now being a member of this most exclusive of clubs. How many of you can claim to have solved *all* your problems? Forever? It is indeed a small circle. I am sworn to an oath of silence by a colleague, under pain of death should I break my vow to keep secret the power of illumination from the unaware masses. I am instructed that the message is beamed regularly, on a daily basis, over all mass communications media. However, only those with the Calling will answer the hail, while the rest remain the unenlightened mass. Not only are all my problems over, but I begin to realize that a new muffler will also become the key to limitless power and control - the instrument for shaping destinies great and small.

However, a shadow of doubt creeps into my mind. *Blasphemer*, my conscience tells me. I have been offered the Extraordinary Gift, yet I am clouding the brilliance of my glory with... doubt? Scepticism? Who are these people anyways? Am I really *nobody*, *nothing*, *nowhere* until they tell me I am *somebody*, *something*, *somewhere*? I don't know where to go, how to look, how to smell, what to wear, what to eat, what to drive, what to think, laugh at, cry over, hate. I don't know how to have sex, so I need someone to tell me how to do it. If I don't do everything They tell me to, I won't get laid and I won't be cool and I won't be, like, everyone else who is doing it. Is it ever great

to have those above us to look over us. Without Them to guide us, where would we be? What would we do?

Like hell. You see, the great part about Illumination is that hand in hand with it comes Understanding. I'm beginning to see what it's really all about.

Just then Gabriel's helper comes to tell me that the Sequence is complete, and the only thing keeping me from becoming a consecrated member of the Illuminati is signing on the dotted line (which doesn't seem to be dotted these days, does it?). I then ask him *once more* to assure me that with this muffler, all my problems would be solved. He does.

Well, then. If that is the case, then I shouldn't have any more problems, right? He agrees. So I tell him with a straight face that I am going to come back to him in about sixty-odd years, after I have lived most of my life. And if in that time I will have experienced even the slightest problem of any kind, then Speedy would have someone to answer to. Because they promised me that a new muffler would be the end of all my problems, I decided that I would hold them to that. For the rest of my life. No more problems. None. Right?

He scratches his head and looks at me in a very funny way. Kind of like when you ask someone for a cigarette, and when he offers you a light, you tell him that you don't smoke. Laughing, I turn to leave.

Why bother, if it's not the real thing, tell yourself... I'm worth it!

US - UKRAINE RELATIONS (cont'd)

good relations with Ukraine, when an opportunity to speak with Ukraine's Prime Minister arises, Clinton refuses to meet with him. Mr. Pavlychko was quoted as saying "It was a very negative signal to us. We are normal people. We have a nation."

That nation is getting very upset with pressures from the United States to ratify the Start I Treaty. As Foreign Minister Zlenko put it, "Partnership, as we see it in Kyiv, means equality and respect of one's partner, his potential future, and his current plight. Such approach leaves no place for pressure, disregard of the partner's innate interests, no place for double-standard approach, or carrot-and-stick policy vis-a-vis one's partner." He also explicitly stated that "Ukraine is not willing to leave the nuclear club under pressure at the expense of its national security interests and suffering of the people who are trapped in the crisis of the transitional period. Any attempt to expedite such denuclearization where Ukraine would be a pawn in the game cannot help but bring counter-productive effect." Zlenko made Ukraine's position explicitly clear and did not hide it behind diplomatic doublespeak. Yet, the Clinton Administration insists that Ukraine must meet a necessary precondition before a good relationship can be fostered.

It seems that the first step towards good relations has already been hampered. According to the Washington Times, Ukrainian officials have complained of U.S. pressure and said American policy toward the former Soviet Union is too narrowly focused on helping Russian President Boris Yeltsin. Ukraine has quickly learned that international relations is rooted in power politics. For example, last week, the Clinton Administration sent Strobe Talbott, the ambassador at large to the former Soviet republics to try to smooth out the differences. To show that Ukraine's interests must be taken seriously, officials there said that neither President Leonid Kravchuk nor Prime Minister Leonid Kuchma was scheduled to meet with the ambassador. This act was ultimately a diplomatic stand Ukraine had to make so that the Clinton Administration realizes Ukraine is not a country that can be ignored. Eventually, Mr. Talbott did get a chance to meet with Mr. Kravchuk.

The policy of the United States can be easily explained even though it has created unnecessary tensions between Ukraine and the U.S. The United States finds itself in a preeminent position in international politics. This has left members of the Clinton Administration to conclude that it should pursue a policy that would perpetuate its unipolarity. The Pentagon's Defense Planning Guide was leaked to the New York Times in March this year. It stated that "We must account sufficiently for the interests of

the large industrial nations to discourage them from challenging our leadership or seeking to overturn the established political or economic order" and "we must maintain the mechanisms for deterring potential competitors from even aspiring to a larger regional or global role." Although this may seem like a sound policy, if Ukraine were to give up its nuclear weapons to Russia, that would make Russia the only state in the former Soviet Union to hold nuclear weapons. Is this really a sound policy?

According to Pat Buchanan it is not. In a commentary written for the Washington Times, Mr. Buchanan stated that Ukraine's unwillingness to give up its nuclear arsenal is completely understandable. He stated that "no one knows who will rule Russia a year from now, as Moscow's militarists talk of restoring the old empire, and joke that the West ought not to bother opening embassies in Kiev because, in a year or two, they will be consulates." And given Ukraine's tragic history under the Soviet Union, Mr. Buchanan asks "Which is a more credible deterrent to a revanchist Russia? An ambiguous guarantee from Bill Clinton, or a nuclear armed Ukraine of 50 million, standing squarely in Moscow's path to empire?"

It is important to note Ukraine's reasoning behind the nuclear issue. "If France and Britain needed atomic weapons as insurance against Moscow, what about us? We have been occupied and brutalized by Russian czars for centuries; even today, Russians are fomenting secessionist movements in the Crimea." Even though the United States have never been brutalized by a foreign power, did the U. S. rely upon Krushchev's good will or use their own deterrent during the Cuban missile crisis?

Ultimately, the United States will argue that Ukraine cannot keep the nuclear weapons in order to further the interests of non-proliferation and thereby keep peace in the world. If the Clinton Administration is sincerely interested in maintaining peace around the world, why has the United States Army not been involved in the U.N. Peace patrol of Bosnia-Herzegovina? Ukraine unlike the United States, has sent troops under the banner of the United Nations to patrol former Yugoslavia. Action speaks louder than words, and Ukraine is committed to maintaining a stable world order. They also want to maintain their national sovereignty in the anarchic international atmosphere. To this end, they feel it necessary to keep the nuclear weapons as a deterrent against Moscow. The United States should recognize Ukraine's concerns and re-focus their foreign policy. A Moscow centrist approach to the nations of the former Soviet Union is not a first step at establishing good relations with Ukraine.

...

get up in the a.m. blues
brrrrrrrrggg. (yawn) gggyaahh. (pause)
it's 10 o'clock already? (yawn)
no, not yet. (roll over) (yawn)
where did those five hours go?

smell the coffee
put your head on straight
pulled up at the gas station at a quarter to eight
to fill up on some gas
and they handed me some studenetz instead

fuel of the future
living on the edge
ideas in your head

blue turns into black
the moon sings me a lullaby
and makes me stand upright
ready for attack

subway wars
waking other people up or watching them sleep
and miss their stop
so i wacked them with some studenetz across the head

fuel of the future
living on the edge
ideas in your head

blue turns into black
the moon sings me a lullaby
and makes me stand upright
ready for attack

fuel of the future
living on the edge
give me some head
(cheese that is)

by Lily Biszko

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHT)

"Come with me please" said the voice behind the light.

I looked at this guy for what seemed to be an eternity. His accent was obviously East European, Russian or Ukrainian I figured. He was clearly shaven except for a thick bushy moustache that hid his upper lip. I slammed my last shot of Wild Turkey, straightened my tie, and prepared myself for anything.

Much to my disappointment, the stranger led me out of the bar. He told me that we would meet with Pidpilnyk in the woods. It was dark outside, and I could see almost every star in the sky. Being as fat as we were from the city, the night sky was lit by its own ambient light. The beauty of the night sky never seemed so appealing to me as it did that night. I finally felt calm. It was probably for the better because it took my mind off of the secret meeting I was about to attend.

We walked for a long time into the dark forest. The air was cold and sobering. I followed in the strangers foot steps trying to focus on the area around us. The cold air and slow pace brought thoughts of family again. I remembered being a small boy on a camping trip along the Canadian Shield. My parents thought it important that I learn about the forest and life away from the comforts of the city. Up until I was about thirteen, I spent a lot of time with my parents. We were a close family. I wondered if Pidpilnyk was close with his family. I knew that he was a big player in the Ukrainian mafia, but he must have had a family like everyone else.

Suddenly, my thoughts were broken by the shimmer of a distant light. From where we were it looked like a small fire. This was the place. The stranger made a signal with a small flashlight he had concealed in his jacket. A reply came from the camp and I followed my guide into the light of the fire. I didn't know what to expect or what was

about to transpire. I took another look at the night sky hoping that it wouldn't be my last.

My guide led me to the campfire and told me to wait. He went into a small tent and all I could hear were whispers. One man emerged from the tent and approached the fire. The light from the fire made me blind and I couldn't make out his face until he was standing beside me.

"Welcome," said the voice. I realized it was Pidpilnyk. "Welcome. We have a lot to talk about."

"I guess we do," I replied.

We stood in front of the fire for awhile before he spoke. "I will not speak to you here," he said staring at the dancing flames. "Not when we are so close to the gathering. It would be dangerous and foolhardy." He looked up at the stars and spoke clearly and softly. "Before the end of the gathering, you will have heard and seen a lot. As it is difficult to discern the time when spring becomes summer and summer becomes fall, so too is it difficult to discern fact from fiction this weekend."

He paused for a moment. "Before the gathering is complete, you will be approached by another member of the Council of Elders. I can only advise that you be cautious." I thought he could hear my heart pounding against my chest. Pidpilnyk extended his arm to shake my hand. As he grasped my hand, I saw in his eyes the same intense concern for something that remained a secret to me. He turned and solemnly walked into the forest with his aides.

"Wait. Pidpilnyk!" I said. "When and where will you speak to me?" I asked.

"In a city with blue skies and golden domes," he replied as he walked past the tent.

'Golden domes' echoed through my mind for a moment as his shadow was eclipsed by the blackness of the forest.

I was going to Kyiv.

TO BE CONTINUED...

COMING SOON TO STUDENETZ!



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VLODK
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FISHING
TIPS.**